

SUBURBAN SOIRÉE

a Musical Sketch.

Written, Composed
and Sung

BY

EDWARD KENT.

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Price 4/

London,
REYNOLDS & CO. 13, BERNERS STREET, W.

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Some time ago I had occasion to go to a festive gathering in the outskirts of that little village called
 and I will endeavour to interest you for a while with the chief events of a rather eccentric evening.
 of all I'd better acquaint you with the gentleman who gave the soirée and his reasons for doing so.

The Match-making Papa.

Moderato.

Now one Mis-ter Richard Rocket in a sub-urb down the line, Had a

-la, it was known as 'Rocket's Grange.' He would train up to the ci-ty, (that's, of

se, if it were fine.) Just to lunch and stroll a-bout the Stock Ex-change. He

had an on-ly daughter, who was passée and full-blown. Though she'd been to Court, his Flora was no catch!

Rocket was not likely, well, to go off on her own, Her Pa-pa thought he'd bet-ter find a match!

rall

Vivace.

As Mister Richard Rocket Felt rather out of pocket, He'd a dinner out at Pinner,

mf

So as mil-lion-aires might win her. Ve-ry thoughtful he, on the strict Q. T.

FINE

2

All the ladies he invited (as his girl was very plain)
 Should be plainer still to set his daughter off!
 And to make her singing go a bit, when she croaked a refrain,
 He'd have singers with a cold or whooping-cough.
 As Flo also recited, though her voice was rather thick,
 He'd have actors who could hardly speak a line;
 So to send Miss Rocket up in fame, well, he'd engage a stick!
 Then his Flora as the Star would cut a shine!
 Flora, his single daughter, hadn't a single courter!
 So his Florrie wasn't sorry

I can never exactly see the advantage of living far out in the suburbs, though you are supposed to be more secluded I always think you see far more of your neighbours than you would in the town. Say you go to the city every day, well, after partaking of an early breakfast you hurry out of the porch of your little suburban villa and simultaneously the doors of half a dozen houses down the street open to let forth top-hatted owners or occupiers who follow you *en masse* to the local railway station. You take your place in the city train along with half-a-dozen of others, whose faces are so familiar to you, they simply pall on you! Nobody likes to speak, in case his wife should not be on terms with the listener. So the compartment is silent, bar the rustling of morning papers and an occasional sneeze. Then perhaps you lend your umbrella to Brown, a neighbour, who has the cheek to lend it to Smith, a perfect stranger to you, and you have the pleasure of seeing Smith seated opposite to you in the compartment fondling your faithless Gamp for a night or so and you are not even introduced to it!

Then after your day's toil, you hasten to the city terminus to catch the train back to your suburban residence, when you meet all the same old faces, this time devouring the evening papers. And perhaps in a misguided moment you take your wife home a little luxury, in the shape of a pair of pheasants, well, Jones sees them, Brown sees them, Smith sees them, also Robinson and several others, and the next day your little neighbourhood simply teems with the intelligence, and a few casual friends drop in to supper!

These are only a few of the joys of suburban living. And it was in this way that I became acquainted with Mr Richard Rocket. Mr Rocket intended to have his daughter married, especially as he had no son and heir, so the *soirée* was given on the principle of 'first catch your heir.' Mr Rocket made a point of inviting all the cleverest, most cultured and charming men—er hem—I was there! I knew the party was going to be a great success directly I entered the drawing-room. There was a concert grand pianoforte (hired for the occasion) and there was his daughter dressed in a wonderful evening gown (lowered for the occasion!) All the good-looking girls were married and all the single ones were plain, except a few that were coloured!

There was the retired fishmonger's daughter, Miss Pike, who took a fly, and came with her hair in a net, and there was the retired baker's daughter, Dora Doe, (who thought her hair was so like Patti.) she came with her hair in a bun and her music in a roll!

The evening started with a song, and as the host thought it advisable to put all the visitors on good terms with one another, he asked Mr Cuthbert Close-tone to give one of his favourite passioned love ballads. One of those ditties in which the singer tells everyone exactly how much he adores a certain lady. He'll love her till the sun grows cold and also till the stars are old. I'm afraid *some* sons do grow cold when certain fascinating stars grow old.

But that's neither here nor there. I will now thrill you with an example of this order entitled "I love you better than Jones."

I love you better than Jones.

Andante con espressione.

The piano introduction is in G major and 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante con espressione'. The music features a descending eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is marked 'mf'. The piece concludes with a fermata over a final chord.

mf

Legato.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 3/4 time, marked 'Legato'. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, marked 'p'. The lyrics are: 'Pret-ty maid do you re-mem-ber That'.

Pret-ty maid do you re-mem-ber That

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Boarding-house up-on the Spa, Where you came that sweet Sep-tem-ber, With'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Boarding-house up-on the Spa, Where you came that sweet Sep-tem-ber, With

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'rather ov-er-dressed Ma-ma. Mister Jones at meals sat next you, And it filled your hear'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

rather ov-er-dressed Ma-ma. Mister Jones at meals sat next you, And it filled your hear

rall

The final system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'rall'. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'pride. Ah! but why— why did it vex you, When I sat the o-ther side?'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

pride. Ah! but why— why did it vex you, When I sat the o-ther side?

For I love you bet - ter than Jones! Where you

p

tread, love, I wor - ship the stones! 'Tis true that he

Cres:

Cres:

bought you two stalls for the play; But was it not I took you

f

f

there on the day! Oh! I love you bet - ter than Jones!.....

con espressione. *rall.*

con espressione. *rall.*

2
 Once we met, 'twas in the garden,
 You were resting 'neath the rosy bow'r.
 I was seated on the sun-dial,
 Just to stay that happy passing hour!
 When a mad bull came towards us,
 So I quickly did a spurt.
 Jones remained to see the climax,
 Could I stop to see you hurt!!

3
 When awake or when in slumber
 Thoughts of you fan up love's fevered fires!
 Though Jones gave you your new 'Humber',
 Did not I, sweetheart, inflate the tyres!
 Then he painted you in oils,
 With your fondled bull-dog pup.
 Though this masterpiece he gave you
 Did not I, love, hang it up!

After the love lyric I was introduced to an eccentric individual, who shook hands as if he were winding one of those street piano-organs. I dare say you know this wriggling wringing machine. He came up to me something in this way (*imitate hand shaking à la Viscount Hinton*) "Ah! how dy'e do? Awfully glad to meet you. How's mother?" — goes on like this for about ten minutes. It really seems remarkable the immense variety of ways it is possible to take the hand of a friend in modern society. I made it a special study on this occasion. First of all we have the bluff old military gentleman, he does it as if he were opening a box of sardines. (*imitate*) "How are you? Very oppressive this evening. How are *you*? Very oppressive this evening." all round the edge and lift up the top! Then we have the sweet young thing of some nineteen springtides, well, she shakes hands as if she were putting a penny into one of those automatic machines to obtain a cake of chocolate or toffy. (*imitate*) "So glad to see you, I never thought you were coming, you know put a penny in the slot and then pull out the drawer! We also have the very short gentleman who does it as if he were turning up the hall gas. (*imitate*) "How are you? Never saw you looking better. It's terribly cold to-night!" Then we get the very tall gentleman who shakes a paw as if he were dusting a fly off your boot. (*imitate*) "How are you? I never saw you looking worse! It's terribly hot this evening!" But the worst of all on the present instance, was Mrs. Clutterbuck-Lopside. She was one of those ladies who not only take your hand, but *hold* it. And for some considerable period quite regardless of your discomfiture. You go up to her and say (*imitate*) "Ah! my dear Mrs. Lopside, I'm so delighted to see you here this evening!" (still she holds the palm) Yes, thanks, I feel very well (she feels uncommonly well! I wish to goodness she would leave off feeling my fist!) So your daughter is going to get married, indeed, how interesting!" (I wonder if she is going to keep me here till she's married!) "Your husband gone to the front? You surprise me!" (wish to heav'n he'd taken you with him!) "Would you allow me to present you to my aunt? Thanks!" Then you hang your aunt up for a fortnight! Here we all adjourned below to dinner, which went down very well, in fact there was very little left. Towards the conclusion of the repast a M^r. Towering-Bluff insisted on making a speech which might have produced an excellent effect only the remarks of the attentive waiters, who flitted around the table, somewhat marred the peroration. I will try and show you how M^r. Towering Bluff rendered his original oration.

M^r. TOWERING BLUFF'S AFTER DINNER SPEECH.

(*To be delivered in a pompous manner.*) Ladies and gentlemen, as you are perhaps aware, this is no means the first occasion on which the host and hostess have been drunk in this house.—er—I mean the first time the *toast* of the host and hostess has been drunk in this house! And you are also perhaps cognisant of the fact that I am an ass— an ass— an *aspirant* for their favour. I really feel that too much honour has been thrust upon me, I may say that I have had too much (*Crack-voiced waiter*) "Champagne, sir?" —er—regard for their feelings to offer them anything in the way of this insipid—(*Bass-voiced waiter*) "Ice pudding, sir?" "No, no, anything in the way of insipid flattery. And when I see my whiskers in the—(*Stuttering waiter*) "Ker-ker-ker-ker." "Sir" "Confound you! Get away! My whiskers in the course of time changing colour I know that we are all getting on in years. Except the ladies, and they seem to grow younger every day—especially the very old ones! I will now ask you to replenish your glasses and to drink the *host* of our *toast and toasts*

After this extraordinary speech, we returned to the drawing-room when a gushing young gazelle

Miss Prettipet, arrived quite unexpectedly, much to the host's annoyance. Later in the evening she gave us a piano solo, but unfortunately she had got into the habit of counting the time out loud, and as a susceptible young man lent over the piano as she played, this was the conversation that ensued.

Tempo di Valse.

(To be spoken through the 1st time (He) "My dearest girl
music Ad lib, start after first 3 bars.) 2nd time. (He) "Maudie, dearest
3rd time. (He) "When we're mar

I'm so glad you came this evening. You're the only girl for me! As no one is
do you think you could love me? As I want you very bad! Perhaps you love
and we're settled in our flat, dear, You might ask your fond mama, If she'll come and stay w

looking another? Just one little kiss, now do! May I take one darling?"
us, pet, Break it gently dearest do! Is there one? Oh! tell me!"
For a little rest and change. Do you think she'd stay a week, dear?

(She) "One and two and three and four, five, six. One and two and three and, piano."
(She) "One and two and three and four, five, six. One and two and three and, forte!!"
(She) "One and two and three and four, five, six. Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, ad lib!"

A tall waiter next handed round ices. There were about seventy-two guests in the room and nine
s on the tray. It's the way at these 'At Homes.' Puzzle— How to get an ice? But he was a very
art waiter this! He knew his business! He handed the tray round something in this style. (*Imitate*
rapidly dashing tray backwards and forwards.) "Ices? Ices? Ices?" Then he suddenly caught his foot
a lady's dress when he immediately sat down with the ices all around him, though his language was
from cool! And I should say that that was about the first time that a plate-layer ever dashed over a train!

Signor Allegro-Ma-Non-troppo and his cultured daughter Signora Pizzicata, (who suffered slightly

Con fuoco.

f *stac.* *stac.*

BARITONE.

Tempo di Bolero.

p

SOPRANO.

- mo, a - mo te - so - la, so - la a - mo, a - mo so - la! Oh! Mo - ses ha

BARITONE.

mo - tor, a mo - tor car, a mo - tor car! Pe - tro - le - um ex - plo - do Oh! M

SOPRANO.

BARITONE.

ta! Ah! Mo ta - ta! And now Mo's mo - tor, is half a mo - tor!

SOPRANO.



U - na vo - ce po - co fa. U - na vo - ce ho - key po - key fa! Don - na, don - na

Andante con espressione.



BARITONE.

Rall:

BARITONE.
Presto.

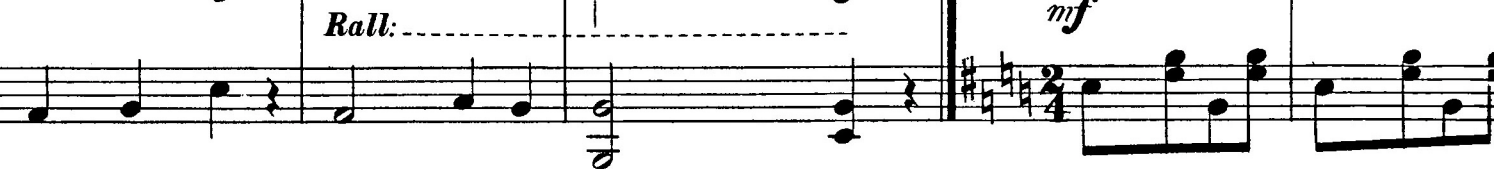


donna Lu - ci - a. Don - na, don - na, don't know ver he are! Al - le - gro al - le - gro



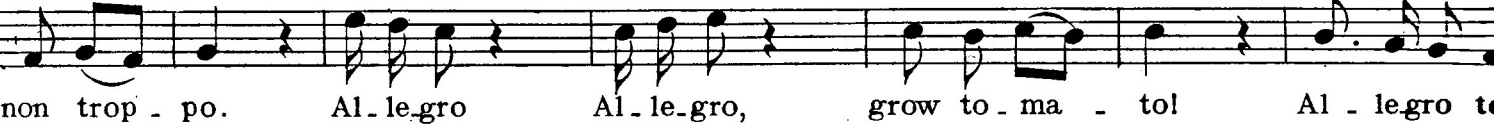
Rall:

mf



SOPRANO.

Cres:



ma non trop - po. Al - le - gro Al - le - gro, grow to - ma - to! Al - le - gro to



Cres:



BARITONE.



ma - to. Al - le - gro to - ma - to. Al - ly Sloper grow to - ma - to!



f



SOPRANO.

BARITONE.

SOPRANO.



Al - ly Sloper try So - po - li - o! Try So - po - li - o! Try So - po - li - o!

